



Fighting



👁 126 ✓ 5 ★ 7

Chapter 1 by Smurffi_IX

Justice. A lie created by those who have gotten more than they deserve. Those granted magic rule this world with an iron fist. We the rest have to work under them.

Years ago we tried to revolt. Many stood up and tried to crush the oppression, but they were all taken down. In my lifetime there has been no revolt. When the mages have forced us to work, we have worked. When they have found someone with the gift of magic they have taken them, and we have only watched. As long as I live we have covered under those who have done nothing to deserve their food, shelter or life. It is time for that to end.

Chapter 2 by Smurffi_IX



Even though they have guarded their secrets well, and protected all knowledge of magic. We now know how to cast spells. Even though we are not as powerful as those with the gift, there is still hope. We have to rely on runes and spells, they can move the world with their will. It was time to make our first strike.

Chapter 3 by Skeld



My name is Xvrex. I am a slave. But I have an army of slaves and that is enough. They took me

when I was young to work in the Crystal mines. Then they took my son. That was the straw that broke the mule's back. Now I'm free.

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They said that my son had died. But I know he's alive. He's like the great god Typhon. He took my love. Now, I know not what lies they have fed him, but I will peel those and make my son

pure again...

We made our first move today. We attacked the Castle of Colors and won.

But, it cost more than we had thought...They picked me as the Second Leader after Zynthell. That is good, I suppose. News have reached us that they are sending an emissary to negotiate terms of consequence. As usual, they always have an ulterior motive.

That's why I had the most powerful to cast runes all over the castle. Zynthell had made haste and took some of our most experienced warriors to ambush the Emissary's host if something will go awry. And I know it will...

The emissary was very young. He had sharp features, and long orange hair running down to his knees. He smiled pleasantly at me. I thought I had seen him sometime. One of the endless inspections they made, I guess. He took a seat and began to talk. His voice was almost a whisper. Unwavering and emotionless.

"This is not the first time this has happened. This castle is very vulnerable actually. We should have known better." His voice was monotonic.

"Get rid of the meaningless junk and come to the point sir."

"Well, alright. We only ask that you abandon the castle and come with us to hear the Emperor's Doom." He smiled wickedly.

"And why would we do that?" I asked threateningly.

"Because you are my father." He replied calmly. Then, I knew...

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